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COSTAGUANA

Volume 10, Number 11

19th October 1985

Hello, and welcome to the Ultimate Thrill. I invented it twenty years ago, called it COSTAGUANA, and thousands upon thousands have been having incessant orgasms because of it ever since.

In its less ribald moments, it passes as a journal of postal Diplomacy and diuretic deviltry, published by Conrad F. von Metzke, 4374 Donald Avenue, San Diego, CA 92117-3813. Telephones: Home, (619) 276-2937; office, (619) 273-4830 or 273-1208. Use the latter only in the event of dire need.

Subscriptions: 22c per copy. Game fees: \$7 for new recipients, \$3 for those currently on my lists. Game fees include sub for the duration of the game. Trades: All-for-all, gladly. Would somebody please tell me why I bother printing this blurb every issue? I think I've had exactly two enquiries in the last year, and one of those took one look at the issue and emigrated to Chad.

ERIC DEPARTMENT: This evening, Eric and I were practicing numbers. He has long been able to count without error to twenty-nine, but at that point he has been stymied and has been known to go on to 'twenty-ten,' 'twenty-eleven,' etc. Well, tonight, something changed. He counted flawlessly to twenty-nine, then stopped and looked at me: "What comes next?" "Thirty, Eric." "Thirty-one, thirty-two...thirty nine....what comes next?" "Forty, Eric." "Forty-one, forty-two...." It went on like this for quite a while, until we hit the seventies. Then it changed to this: "...seventy-nine...what comes next?...I KNOW!!" (Short pause.) "Eighty! Right, daddy?"

After suitable praise, Eric went on to eighty-nine, then the same thing happened again: "What comes next? I KNOW! (pause) Ninety!"

And then we got to ninety-nine, and Eric was totally lost. I told him about one hundred, and started him on the next series, and he picked it up very nicely from there:

"...one hundred eight, one hundred nine, one hundred ten, one hundred ten one, one hundred ten two...."

ERIC DEPARTMENT, PART TWO: Tonight at the grocery store, we saw the first display of pumpkins for Halowe'en. Eric looked very carefully at all of the pumpkins, then turned decisively to me and announced: "Those pumpkins aren't finished. They don't have any smiles!"

HOBBY FEUD DEPT.: Had you heard? There's a thoroughly nauseating hobby feud going on these days. Very virulent, very acrimonious, outrageously disruptive, and all that. Well, now: COSTAGUANA has steadfastly refused to get involved, and believe me, I ain't about to change that policy. I have, however - after long thought - decided to print the next page, a public letter on the subject, because it treats with the problem so brilliantly. It says what many of us have been thinking all along, and deserves wide distribution. And so, I bend my rule.

Once. Ken has said it for me, and when he's done, I'm done. No replies (for print or not) are wanted, and I will not touch the matter again.

A Call to Contain the Great Feud

October 6, 1985

Over the past few weeks, I, and several others, have been talking to the primary feuding parties to see if a general amnesty and cease-fire could be called. We came very close to an agreement, but it fell through because of one or more individuals who ultimately proved unwilling to call a halt to the bloodletting without key concessions from the other side. Thus, it appears that the process will continue with no end in sight.

I strongly believe that so many unexcusable things have been said and done on all sides of the feud that the handful of individuals intent on continuing to propel this process forward do not deserve the kind of vindication they still seek. This complex feud has continued to grow and deepen for one and a half years, and it is now threatening the very organic integrity of DipDom. For those who have lost themselves deep in the feeding frenzy of the feud, I care little. Let them hack off limbs, dismember their own reputation, and continue with name-calling and obscenities in the dark recesses of the hobby, but let all hobiests who are tired of it all take action to contain it.

The combined synergy of our individual actions can have great force. Diplomacy fandom is for gaming, positive creativity, and the joys of simulated lying and deception. Let us reclaim it for ourselves. I urge those who share my views to follow suit, and set off an "ever-widening gyre." These actions can have positive result if enough individuals are also tired and disgusted by the great feud, and if we all keep scrupulously even-handed:

1. Resign from 'zines that give sanctuary to the feud. After this presentation has gained wide circulation, I will proceed to resign from any 'zine that remains infected with the feud. I will send a letter for print explaining the reasons for my action, and will enclose a self-addressed post card for notification by the publisher when the editorial policy has changed (so that I may resubscribe). If you play in the 'zine, you might ask to continue the game by flier, or you might move the game elsewhere if the other players share your views on the feud. I will make no statements on the "substance" or personalities of the feud. More feuding does not feuding end; only ending it can end it.

2. Freeze the custodial status of feuders. An "honorable" feuder will assign a temporary substitute for important custodial projects, rather than allow his or her continued involvement in the great feud to harm the projects by osmosis. If a person formally active in the feud draws back and ceases participation, that person ought to retain his or her position (despite the rantings of those who choose to continue). This is a process that should be encouraged. If a feuder refuses to voluntarily withdraw (even temporarily while the feud plays out), I believe that the establishment of duplicative services or projects would be preferable to continued sole custodianship by a feuder.

This great feud is a holocaust of a different nature than the simple feuds of the past, save perhaps the Boardman/Walker feud of many years ago that literally split the hobby. Let's not let that happen to us again. It is time to move forward and reclaim control of our own destiny.

Very sincerely,
Ken Peel

COMMENT ON MY PROPOSED NEW FEES: Last issue I threw out two ideas for a revision in my fee structure for this journal, and a couple of people have commented.

Lu Henry, in reference to my scheme to knock out all game fees and just charge everyone subscriptions, commented that he too had given some thought to the system, but had backed out when he considered the sheer magnitude of keeping track of whose sub expired when.

Well, I have no idea how Lu maintains his mailing list, but in my case it would actually make it easier. As of now, my mailing list is a simple index card file, and in the upper right corner of each card is a 'code' that tells me why the person gets the journal, and when receipt should stop. For trades, the code is 'T'; for complimentaries, 'C'; for subscribers, the number of the last issue on their current sub (e.g. "X/15" would mean that they've paid through Vol. X, No. 15). And finally, players in the games have as their code the game numbers, indicating to me that they get the magazine through the end of the game noted.

Changing to the new fee structure would eliminate the game code business; and, it being the messiest of all, that would help a batch! On the other hand, I did say that players in orphan games which I adopt would never have to pay a penny, so that would require a new code to distinguish them. And if a person were playing in both an orphan and a COSTA original....

John Caruso commented on both of my proposals. Vis-a-vis the one above, all he had to say was, "OK by me." On the other one, that suggested staggered game fees based on the rating-system win percentage of the country assigned, John notes: "No! Though certain countries have advantages, most games are decided by diplomacy, not by how (the assigned country) has done in the past. True, positions influence the outcome and negotiations, but a good player can play almost any position, with anyone, fairly effectively."

He's right, of course, and though I will remain intrigued with my brilliant idea until the end of my days, I guess I won't actually do it. This idea actually grew out of my recent adoption of the use of preference lists; it occurred to me that the staggered fees might just help offset the disappointment of getting Austria - one's last choice - because the preference lists all meshed wrong and the poor guy lost all the coin tosses. What I did not consider, and should have since I'm that way, was the person who lists the 'bad' countries FIRST and the 'good' countries LAST, merely because in his last six games he's had England and wants something different. On that basis, he could theoretically get his seventh choice and still have to pay more than the guy who got his first choice.

Besides, there's no real argument to John's contention. The good negotiators can win with Austria or Italy. Beyerlein's done it. Birsan's done it. I'm hardly in their league, but hell!, even I've done it.

How about staggered fees based on which preference-list choice the player gets? First choice assigned, the fee is \$10; second choice, \$9; third choice, \$8; etc. Now if that doesn't indicate a player-oriented G.M., I sure as hell don't know what does!

SIMON BILLENESS DEPT.: The aforenamed person, who resides at 61-A Park Ave., Albany, NY 12202, has recently sent out a flyer indicating that he will be publishing henceforward the "Diplomacy 'Zine Register," which is principally a service to novices allowing them to more easily locate game openings and learn a little about each journal before committing money.

Simon also expresses interest in reviving the "Sample 'Zine Packet" idea, whereby an interested novice sends Simon a buck or two, and Simon uses the money to pay return postage on an envelope of sample Diplomacy journals (the samples having been supplied gratis by any interested publisher).

Lots of hobby service projects have merit. This one has more than most. It is my intention to supply Simon with plenty of samples, and also to funnel money to him as (and if) I take in any game fees on my new games.

And another thing: Think about the name "Simon Billenness." Isn't that absolutely perfect for Dick Francis' next jockey-detective?

JUPITERLESOIRMIRACLEPHILOSOPHERSCHOOLMASTERROXOLANESURPRISEHORN SIGNALFAREWELL

(A linear separator of nicknames of Haydn symphonies.)

LEMIDITRAUERPASSIONELAUDONBEARREINEDEFRANCEDONOTTAVIOTDRUMROLLLONDONFIST

(Another.)

LAPPOULE LETTER 'V' OXFORD MERCURY 11 DISTRACTION IN MILITARY CLOCK IMPERIAL FIRE

(A third.)

SERIOUS OFFER: Anybody who can give me a list of all the Haydn symphonies referred to in the preceding three linear separators, by Hoboken or Mandyczewski numbers, will be sent a check for \$25. No strings.
(No winds, either.)

ROSS DEPT.: Ross went to both the dentist and the ophthalmologist today, in both cases merely for routine examinations. And both times, he used the information he'd learned from his grandmother (the R.N.) to impress the doctors no end.

Dentist: "Now, Ross, we're going to count your teeth. Can you guess how many teeth you have?"

Boss: "Twenty."

Dentist (surprised): "That's right! How did you know that?"

Ross: "My grandma and I already counted them! (pause) But I haven't gotten my molars yet - I'm only six!"

Ophthalmologist: "Ross, can you read those letters for me?"

Ross: "Well, the first one is 'E' - but you left out 'A-B-C-D!'"

Ophthalmologist: "No I didn't; we always mix the letters up on these tests: otherwise you could just guess at them."

Ross: "That would be awfully silly! All the letters have different shapes, and if I just guessed, you'd think I was crazy!"

RITE OF PASSAGE: Recently, Mrs. Pauline Perry Millan died. She was the mother of my voice teacher, and had been a fine singer in her day; her major credit is for having given the American première of Léhar's THE MERRY WIDOW. That was in 1907....

Pauline Perry stayed on the operatic stage until she was 51; that was in 1933. She outlived three husbands, one daughter - and lived to see her son become one of the area's most respected voice teachers, and her granddaughter give birth to Mrs. Millan's first great-grandchild, just last year.

Adieu, Pauline Perry. We who knew you will miss you, after having given us one hundred and three years of your warmth....

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW insists that there is truth in the old wives' tale that deaths come in threes. She is particularly wont to relate this to entertainment figures.

I have no belief in the cliché she endorses, but I will admit that last week seemed to bear her out. My question is, why those three?

Rock Hudson, Yul Brynner and most especially Orson Welles were true giants of their art. I don't propose to bog down in a list of their great credits; the paeans from those who know more than I will no doubt wax furious (Steve Knight, Matt Fleming).

Hudson I will miss for the quiet dignity of his later acting roles, his television series "McMillan and Wife" being the highlight. Perhaps more than that, I will recall him with admiration for the quiet dignity with which he handled his private life. In a day when such things were scandalous, rumors surfaced of a homosexual liaison with Jim Nabors. Hudson could have played it for the P.R. value, but he didn't; he totally ignored it, and showed that even the most vicious rumor-mongering withers and dies if it hits only brick walls. Whether Rock was gay or not is of no importance. What is significant is that the issue quickly lost any importance for the audiences, and the man's career did not fade.

Brynner, the Japanese-born Mongol raised in China and France, the man who made his age and background a great mystery and achieved the status of a question in 'Trivial Pursuit,' can probably never be separated from 'The King and I.' He made a few strong tries (I think 'The Magnificent Seven' will stick with me longer), but if there was ever a more apt King, I have yet to imagine him. His shaved head trademark naturally limited his versatility, but he managed to seek out fitting character parts, and when none were in the offing, he would take an apparently inappropriate role, redefine it for himself, and run with it.

And Orson Welles. I cannot write an obituary for such a man. He probably needs none anyway. There is an old and grossly overused line about being a legend in one's own time. Orson Welles was.

Several years ago, the film industry had a run on movies about Olde England - 'Becket,' 'Anne of a Thousand Days,' culminating with the wondrous 'The Lion in Winter.' Quite possibly the finest of all was 'A Man For All Seasons,' which gave Paul Scofield a well-deserved Oscar. Well, I love that film, and Scofield, and the supporting cast, and the photography, and the music...but my strongest memory of all is of Orson Welles. He had a tiny cameo as the dying Archbishop, all of maybe ten lines and wholly static acting. Few others could have done it, but he took a throwaway 'cameo' part and made it live, made it resound, made it into a plot hinge where none had been before. And he, with his infinite sense of drama, did this without harming the whole in any way.

Welles' death leaves more than a void; it leaves an entire empty dimension.

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Trivia question: Why does National Fire Prevention Week always occur in the week containing October 9?

Because on October 9, 1871, America's most famous fire disaster began - Mrs. O'Leary's cow got jittery, kicked over a kerosene lamp, and Chicago became a wasteland.

SNEAKY-PETE DEPARTMENT: In the last issue I tried a little trick, and wouldn't you know it? Nobody noticed!!

It's all John Caruso's fault. He has gotten me going with his ethic that a Gamesmaster must remain absolutely neutral, and impart nothing to a player which may give him even a squib of advantage over another, that I've reconsidered a couple of my standard practices here. One I changed last time; the other I'm changing now.

In the last issue, in Game 1984HI, a retreat came up which, depending on its direction, could have changed the ownership of a supply center in a Fall turn. The Turkish army Rumania had retreat options to Ukraina or Budapest; if he chose Budapest, he gained the center and removed only one instead of two, and Austria was reduced to one build. Normally, I would make a note of the specifics of this option, but this time - and in all future instances - you did not, and will not, find any 'hint' from me. I merely listed the centers as they stood after Fall (and before retreats), catalogued the adjustments, and left it to the players to figure out that there was in fact one other possibility.

The logic here is that, if by some chance the player overlooks the effects of his retreat possibilities, it is not my place as a neutral person to be the one to point them out. In the specific case at hand, I knew very well that Sherwood and Pierce would catch it; they're both careful, sophisticated players. But I did kinda think somebody would include a note saying, "Hey, you forgot to mention...."

In future, I did NOT "forgot to mention." I did it on purpose.

The other change starts this issue. Normally, at the end of the printout for a given game, I give the deadline and then list the countries whose next orders are already in my file. This was originally intended to let the people who had sent advance letters that the mail had, in fact, gotten through; or that, in the case of (say) people who sent builds and Spring orders together at a time when I was printing only builds, I had indeed noted your double submission and had copied it down. (Hmm...that brings up an element in our recent Ombudsman's decision that neither Rod nor I had considered.)

But doing this has one flaw: It tips off all the players that certain countries are guaranteed not to miss moves. That may be a minor bit of data, but a case can be made that it could theoretically influence tactics. I won't argue just how 'theoretical' this may be. I will accept that, inasmuch as the possibility is there, the practice I've had needs revision. In future, I will print a line after each game report that says, "If a check appears here, I have your next moves on file. "

There is a real danger that I will somehow forget to add the marks during the envelope-stuffing process. Twenty years of habit dies hard. Still, I will try it and see if I can make it work. And in any case, if I do forget to add a check mark somewhere, at least that is better than putting one in a space where it shouldn't be.

MAJOR SYMPHONISTS DEPT.: Over the last couple of years I have sold off quite a bit of my record collection. Much was gathering dust. I once had

something like 3500 LPs; now I'm down to about 1000.
The following are the composers whose complete symphonies I have purposely kept (excluding those - e.g. Franck and Weber - who only wrote one or two): Beethoven (9). Mozart (46). Haydn (106). Dvorak (9). Schubert (10). Bruckner (11). Mahler (11, incl. 'Das Lied'). Nielsen (7). Vaughan Williams (9). Shostakovich (15). Brahms (4). Sibelius (7). Prokofiev (7). And, of course, Haydn's younger brother Michael (46 - but only 7 recorded).

GAME 1984HI - THE EXTROVERTED EMU - Winter 1905

The Turkish army Rumania retreated to Budapest, which altered the supply center count to: TUR, 2; AUS, 10. (See essay on Page 6.)

And the draw proposal was voted down.

A (Pierce): Builds a vie. Has: a's arm, ser, con, tri, apu, sev, rum, vie; f's adr, gre (10).

E: Has: f yor (1).

F (Fleming): Builds a mar. Has: a's ven, tyo, lon, mar; f's lyo, naf, eas, tyn, wal (9).

G (Walker): Builds a mun, a ber. Has: a's bel, gal, war, lvn, boh, mun, ber; f's nth, nwy, edi, stp sc (11).

I: Has: f nap (1).

T (Sherwood): Removes f bla. Has: a's mos, bud (2).

For Spring, please send votes on a three-way draw proposal, A-F-G. One 'nay' kills it; votes not cast are 'yes.'

Spring 1906 moves (on file for you if a check appears here) are due Saturday, November 9, 1985.

THE ORIENT EXPRESS: "...Naxos, Crete, Coooonnstantinople, Athens, Smyrna, Byyyyyyyyyzantium, and all points in between. All 'board!!'

THE JAMUL LOCAL: Do you drop passengers on your way? If so, how do you drop those in wheel chairs?

GAME 1983CA - THE OLFACTORY OKAPI - Winter 1909

The retreats were: AUS A Bud to Vie; GER A Hol to Kie.

AUSTRIA (Walker): Has: a's con, sil, vie (3).

FRANCE (Bakken): Builds a par. Has: a's hol, bur, pic, mar, wal, par; f's hel, lon, bel, mid (10).

GERMANY (Menders): Removes f nat. Has: a's ruh, mun, kie (3).

ITALY (Caruso): Builds a rom, f nap. Has: a's tri, ser, ven, rom; f's nap, ion, gre, ank, bul sc (9).

RUSSIA (Gorham): Removes a ukr. Has: a's bud, rum, gal, den, nwy, arm, war, sev; f ska (9).

As all players were advised, the last report contained a minor typo. The order for Austria's f bul was not underlined; it should have been.

Spring 1910 moves are due Saturday, November 9, 1985.

(MOSCOW): I propose a three-way draw between Russia, Italy and France, so we can finally end this poor ol' game!

JAMUL: Okay, it's on the floor for a vote. Ballots with next moves please; one 'no' vote kills it, but any vote not received counts as 'yes.'

And finally: If this space is checked, I have your Spring moves on file.



JOB WARS

In a galaxy much too close to home, the upstart forces of Doug Brown find themselves on ice planet Hoth - less formally known as 1:30 a.m. in the kitchen, with only my underwear on for protection.

While sleeping, Brown was recently seized by a terrible creature in his very bed. It was a twisting and gruelling struggle, but our hero managed to escape the creature's clutches just before said creature could deliver Brown to the managerial interviewing pack of cruel and hideous beings for tortuous castigation and rejection.

Brown has met with these dark forces before, and has never won a battle with them. Each time he manages to escape before the ultimate blow can be delivered. He knows this is the price he must play for being a rebel upstart leader and a journalistic Jedi.

In the early morning hours, he plans his next attack strategy. 250 of his comrades have come to do battle over the past six weeks in the hope of being the one and only Hero Hiree. 246 have been killed by the monsters of the hiring board. Only four remain.

Brown believes one of these four has turned to the Dark Side, and is unlikely to become Hero Hiree. Our hero feels a strain in the Force, trying to pull him to the Dark Side as well. The dark, sour grape side says to bail out and abandon this mission. But Brown knows he's gone much too far to turn back now. Only a slow agonizing death or total victory await him. He stands with his trusty light saber and various other weapons (resume, autobiography, portfolio, graphs, awards, published works....) at hand. He wants to strike out at the enemy, but the wait is eternal...Rather to die in the first wave than to survive two deadly battles only to fall in the final scene. But - the die is cast. The cards dealt. The final conflict remains.

Of course our hero knows there will be sequels - but those are years away. It's now, or perhaps never....

((Gee...I never had those troubles. My favorite experience is the time I applied for a job as a cab driver with the City Cab Co., a small (one cab) outfit. The 'office' was their one and only cab. I met the owner in the back seat of his office at 11 p.m., at the self-serve pumps of the gas station where the cab was serviced. I said, "Hello." He said, "Damn, you're tall - here!" and he handed me his little paper bag (vodka, straight - I nearly died.) Then he said, "You want to drive?" I said,

"Yes." He said, "I drive days, you drive nights. 50% of your take for me. Got a cab license?" I said I'd go get it the next day. "Well, it takes three days. Here - use an old one of mine for now. Lousy photo anyway, nobody can tell. Start tomorrow. Want another shot?"

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HEY KIDS!

Do YOU want to work here at McDonald's? Super neat! Just fill out this McDonaldland Simple Application (TM) and turn it in at the counter!

1. FIRST NAME (choose from list at right) _____
- McBob
McFred
McRhonda
McIrwin
McNguyen
2. LAST NAME (check one): Smith _____ Jones _____ Other _____
3. ADDRESS: Yes _____ No _____
4. TELEPHONE (select seven of these numbers: 1234567890) _____
5. Do you have any of these health problems? Lice _____ Hepatitis _____
Zits _____ Runny nose _____ Needle tracks _____ Genital sores _____
6. Do you go to school? Yes _____ No _____ Huh? _____
7. What hours do you want to work?
Before school _____
After School _____
While ditching school _____

Okay, kids, you're all done! Super neat! Now just color the picture of Ronald McDonald on the back, and turn this in.

MCDONALD'S IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER. McDonald's does not discriminate on the basis of race, religion, sex, national origin, ability to say two words in English, ugliness, intelligence, or preference for Burger King. However, we reserve the right to assign all the dirty jobs to niggers and fat people.

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Thought for the week: Protesting a hijacking by hijacking an airliner is about like protesting capital punishment by assassinating the judges who impose it.

Oh well. Mideast peace was a pretty slim possibility anyway. Let's forget that place, and spend our money where it will do some good: Propping up our noble friends in Chile, Haiti, the Philippines....

REALLY? ANOTHER POLL? Yep, this one - run once again by the incorrigible Bruce Linsey - is the North American Diplomacy Players' Survey #3, and it is included here as a separate flyer. Bruce requests that you complete it by November 20, 1985, and send it to him at 73 Ashuelot St., No. 3, Dalton, MA 01226.

Well, why not? This is one of those polls where there is no winner or loser; it's merely a survey of certain levels of activity and attitude among those of us who currently play this game. The results may not change anything, but they could be decidedly intriguing. I urge you all to spend the stamp and send a completed survey form back to Bruce.

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NEW COSTAGUANA GAMES

At this writing I have two regular games available, and here's where they stand:

#1: Six confirmed players, one probable. I will be sending a game-start flyer to all players within a week, and we'll be under way.

#2: Game to start after Christmas (Jan. '86). One player signed, six more welcome.

I'd also like to open one variant game for possible play, if enough interest is shown, to start when we get the complement. The game will be Cline 9-Man, involving the seven regular powers plus Barbary States and Arabia. The idea is to eliminate the east-west orientation of the original game and 'round the board' in the south; invented by Bob Cline and modified my me, it has proved popular and durable in years gone by. Rules (not many) and map available on request. For this one, I may just enlist the services of a guest gamesmaster, inasmuch as I've wanted to play this game for a hell of a long time....

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GAME 1983HK - THE AMBIDEXTROUS AARDVARK - Winter 1908

ENGLAND (R.Anderson): Build a lvp, a edi. Has: a's lon, bre, lvp, edi; f's nat, iri, nth, hel, bel (9).

GERMANY (Keller): Has: a ber (1).

ITALY (D.Anderson): Removes a pic, f alb. Has: a's ser, bud, gal, tri, pie, ven; f's ion, por, mid, lyo, gre (11).

RUSSIA (Egli): Builds a mos, a stp. Has: a's mar, war, tyo, sil, mos, stp; f hol (7).

TURKEY (Touchette): Has: a's rum, bul, con; f's eas, bla, aeg (6).

Spring 1909 moves (a check here _____ means I have yours) are due Saturday, November 9, 1985.

ITALY TO G.M.: I wish you were in the game I'm GMing in TACKY. Are you willing to stand by?

JAMUL TO ITALY: Sure. Where do I stand? ((Seriously - yes, gladly.))

ITALY TO WORLD: Okay, who voted down the draw?

JAMUL: Not to give away a secret, but - it was all of them. (Or else it wasn't....)

FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves



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IF THIS IS POLITICS,
STOP THE WORLD AND LET ME OFF!

If you pick up your newspaper tomorrow and see a headline about a crooked politician, what will your mind conjure? New York? Philadelphia? Chicago? Newark? San Diego?

SAN DIEGO?

I live in the eighth largest city in the United States. Yet, for all its size and concomitant 'significance,' it remains perhaps the least-known major city in the nation. Rattle off the names of the other Top Ten, and each will conjure up myriad images, some good, some bad. San Diego? Well, it's a navy base, and it has a zoo....

My residence in this city has now encompassed twenty-eight years. When I first arrived, San Diego was indeed a naval base and a zoo, and little else. It was a town growing beyond its means; a one-industry city subservient to the whims of the economy, fluctuating wildly between full employment (when the military and aerospace business was 'in') and devastating recession (when they weren't). There was growth, to be sure, but it was unplanned, disorganized, random: When the defense-related economy rose, so would our housing starts; when there'd be a freeze in the Pentagon, our formerly vital financial indicators would suddenly turn belly-up. It was an interesting, if perhaps predictable, ferris wheel.

Then along came a handful of farsighted people - names are not important - who saw that San Diego would become a grossly overpopulated wasteland unless some direction were provided and diversity encouraged. The Chamber of Commerce, the City Planning Department, and a handful of sensible politicians - and, yes, a handful of more rational developers - formed a coalition of sorts. Growth being inevitable, it must be managed. The city having expanded beyond the limits of a single industry, the economy must be diversified.

These sensible people wormed their way into positions of influence on several levels, including the City Council. Once in power, they appointed a City Manager who shared and expanded their views. And as the city grew, so did its economic base. The Navy was still important,

and the aerospace business still dominated the horizon. But other things crept in slowly, and - in a brilliantly stage-managed growth process - snared a vital share of the market. Tourism, above all, became the paramount industry: Starting with an admittedly magnificent zoo, we began to advertise our weather, our beaches, our proximity to Mexico, our parks, and our historical heritage as the 'birthplace of California.' The zoo developed a second facility, the Wild Animal Park; a marine attraction was brought to life (Sea World, home of the trained killer whale Shamu); one of the slogans, for a time, was "The excitement of Los Angeles - without the smog!" Freeways were expanded; night life perked up; truly fine restaurants moved in and actually survived; and efforts were made to enhance the culture in the area, with the creation of a 'Space Theatre' (astronomy), an upgrading of the Symphony, a push for a major ballet, a truly fine opera company, a major new wing to the art gallery, a strong expansion of the theatre in the city (centered around the long-established Shakespeare Festival held at the replica of the Old Globe Theatre)...

Beyond the touristic direction, high-technology was cultivated, resulting in a minor 'Silicon Valley' at the north edge of the city; the port was dredged and modernized, leading to a stronger maritime marketplace; and the 'retirement industry' (nice homes, good weather, amiable surroundings) was beefed up to a level of paramount importance.

All of this expansion and diversification was, most of the time, handled with great sensibility and aplomb by a select few who had the foresight to recognize that unbridled growth meant disaster. The Mayor when all this started, Charles Dail, was an old-line San Diego politician of the glad-handing type. When the 'managed-growth' faction first reared its head, it was widely presumed that Mayor Dail would be a stumbling block to be worked around, or outwaited; to everyone's astonishment, he was far from the ineffectual mediocrity that was assumed. Not only did he show an understanding of the problem, and an appreciation of its requirements - he acted on them. He appointed a Planning Commission which evidenced farsightedness, backed them up, even lobbied for their ideas. His successor, Frank Curran (another supposedly 'mediocre' talent) carried the torch even further, expanding the 'managed-growth' majority on various city commissions, and carrying the dispute into City Council chambers, where he lobbied extensively for laws and regulations that allowed civic expansion without locking it in to one, unalterable, pattern.

Mayor Curran was driven from office in 1971, in disgrace, in the aftermath of a scandal that involved allegations of accepting bribes from a local taxicab company in return for granting favors in licensing matters. The charges were levelled against Mayor Curran and four members of the City Council; the indictments were eventually dismissed, but the allegations were sufficient to drive all five people out of government.

Frank Curran was succeeded as Mayor by a brash young Republican member of the State Assembly, Peter Wilson, who coasted to victory on a platform of controlled, supervised expansion; Wilson served three terms (almost) and expanded the power of the Mayor's office to the point where it became the dominant role in San Diego government, subordinating the City Manager to an advisory role. In this period, the Republican party overwhelmed the Democratic in city affairs (in spite of the fact that all city political races are non-partisan). It was, however, the so-called 'moderate' (maybe even 'liberal') wing of the Republican party that did the taking-over.

While the city as a whole voted consistently for the partisan, conservative Republican candidates for national and statewide office, in city elections the moderates held sway. Pete Wilson identified with the national party, in whatever mold it found itself at the time, but he upheld a staunch moderate/liberal cast in city affairs, and appointed as many Democrats (even liberal ones) as Republicans to various City advisory bodies. A brief quasi-scandal in the early 'eighties, concerning the acceptance of free rent from a politically influential friend, evaporated when it was shown that Wilson had in no way allowed the 'gift' to influence either his views or his vote.

In 1982, Pete Wilson ran for, and was elected to, the U.S. Senate, defeating the controversial Governor of the state, Edmund Brown Jr. In early 1983, a special municipal election was held to choose a successor to Pete Wilson, and after a hard-fought campaign, the victor emerged: Another liberal Republican, with a strong reputation for integrity and support for environmental (= 'managed growth') issues, Roger Hedgecock. In the regularly-scheduled general election in 1984, Hedgecock was overwhelmingly reelected.

Roger Hedgecock seemed, to most spectra of society, the ideal candidate. To conservatives, he had impeccable credentials as a loyalist right-wing Republican: Former head of Youth for Goldwater, local co-chairman of the Reagan committee (for Governor), intimate of every major Republican in the State. To liberals, he had going for him his experience as counsel to the City of Del Mar (in which capacity he had argued successfully to restrict the county beach lands from residential high-rise development), and as the head of the local chapter of the League of Conservation Voters, an organization which emphasizes preservation of the environment over unrestricted development. His program also included such matters as: Development of a major convention center; opposition to offshore oil drilling; noise abatement and time restrictions on the airport (San Diego is the only major city in the world that closes its airport to all traffic for part of the night - 12 to 6 - because the takeoff and landing patterns are close above residential areas); expansion of the 'neighborhood forum' meeting concept; and a host of other ideas, large and small, that had as their underlying motivations improvement or preservation of the quality of life on a tight budget. These were popular themes. Hedgecock's 1983 opponent, former council member Maureen O'Connor, differed very little in her proposals; however, she came across as a spendthrift, partially because of her council record and partially because she had just married a multimillionaire banker. In 1984, Hedgecock's opponent was a radio personality named Dick Carlson, who had plenty of poise and charisma but whose stated views were either utterly confusing or downright deranged. Hedgecock won handily despite having already been indicted for campaign fraud, and the consensus is that the voters decided they preferred a possible crook to a proven nut case.

Now we shift the scene briefly. In about 1980, there rather suddenly rose on the financial scene in this city a brilliant, aggressive, wholly unorthodox investment broker named J. David Dominelli. He began at first offering bullish investment potentials, and established very quickly that he had a real knack for making a quick return on a major investment. Using his meteoric track record to expand, he began to cultivate the financial elite of the city, with emphasis on the politically-oriented. He pushed high yield, quick turnover, and strong leverage exerted by combining investors into huge conglomerates. He also quickly turned a substantial

chunk of his huge profit into philanthropic causes, and moved to become a major political 'mover' by well-publicized contributions to candidates and causes across the spectrum.

Dominelli's early successes in investment returns, coupled with his aggressive sales pitch and his carefully-cultivated 'connections,' brought investors out of the woodwork. The "J. David & Co." empire expanded, the money flowed like water - both in, from an ever-widening circle of investors, and out, in the form of 'donations' - and the empire developed a local breadth to challenge even the big brokerage houses.

And then - boom. Almost in an instant, the bubble burst; Dominelli had been re-routing the investments to his contributions, he'd been laundering illegal profits in Mexico; his political gifts had been made illegally from misappropriated funds; his philanthropic checks started to bounce; and almost before the average San Diegan could say 'J. David Dominelli,' the man had hopped a 'plane to the Caribbean and left hundreds of people holding millions of dollars in worthless paper. And in the ensuing investigation, it developed that nearly every prominent San Diegan with any money to play with had, to one degree or another, been roped in by the promises and the charisma that Dominelli exuded. Several bankers, numerous attorneys, at least five judges, two council members, the president of the State Senate - and the mayor; all were on the hook.

But as the investigators uncovered thread after thread of the schemes that Dominelli had fostered, they also started to run into his political donations. Many proved to have been crookedly handled by Dominelli, but properly reported (in all good faith) by the recipients. But one name began to surface as the recipient of gifts and 'loans' far in excess of the legal limits prescribed; and further, these contributions appeared never to have been reported by the receiving candidate. And who was the lucky politician? Yup - the Mayor, Roger Hedgecock.

After a comparatively short investigation, an indictment was handed down against Hedgecock alleging thirteen counts (later expanded to sixteen) of illegal acceptance of campaign contributions, failure to report same, alteration of records to 'hide' the source of the payments, and similar nefarious activities. The indictments were made public shortly before the 1984 election; Hedgecock saved his career and his campaign by strong denials and by the good fortune of having an idiot for an opponent; but the indictments were not quashed, and early in 1985 a trial was held. After weeks of testimony, the jury went out for several days and finally came back deadlocked 11-1 for conviction. The lone holdout, a strange, brooding man of a staunch religious bent, refused to be moved; he admitted that his mind was made up before the trial, and he claimed nothing in the evidence shook him one whit.

So the first trial ended 'hung,' and the second trial began early this summer. The evidence was paraded once again, with some expansion owing to the addition between trials of three new indictments; the major difference between the two trials was that, while in the first the Mayor had taken the stand in his own defense and had muddied the waters badly (at least two jurors were quoted as saying that they had been inclined to acquit until Hedgecock started talking), in the second trial the Mayor was not called to testify. In fact, no defense was presented at all.

The result? Guilty as charged, on thirteen of the sixteen counts. Two days after the verdict, Mayor Hedgecock announced his resignation, effective one week later. The buzzards began to circle, and the possible candidates to replace Hedgecock grew by leaps and bounds.

BUT WAIT! Suddenly, two days before Hedgecock's announced resignation,

two of the jurors came forward independently and made claims of tampering. Seems the bailiff in charge of sequestering the jury had overstepped his function and had started discussing the case with the members of the panel, defining legal terms for them and pressuring the 'holdouts' into voting with the majority. Hoo boy! In the twinkling of an eye, the defense filed a motion to declare a mistrial, and - based on that - the Mayor withdrew his resignation.

And so at this writing, Hedgecock continues in office; a third trial is probable; and a local newspaper columnist summed it this way: "Roger Hedgecock may go into the Guinness Book of Records on the basis that he is the only man ever convicted of a felony by 35 jurors."

New York, eat your heart out; you've got NOTHING on us when it comes to political crooks!

GAME 1985AJ - THE TERGIVERSATORY TAPIR - Spring 1904

No moves were received from Italy; the moves used were made by an anonymous local person using Michael's 'contingency orders.'

AUSTRIA (Walters): a bul (h). a gre (s) bul. a vie-tyo. a bud (s) tri.
a tri (s) vie-tyo.

ENGLAND (Fleming): a mun-boh. f lon-nth. f edi-nwg. f den (s) GER
kie-bal. f wes-tvn.

FRANCE (J.Walker): a bur-ruh. a bel-hol. a mar-pie. f bre-mid. f pic-
bra. f spa sc - lvo.

GERMANY (Caruso): a sil-war. a pru (s) sil-war. f kie-bal.

ITALY (Pustilnik?): a ven-tri. a tyo (s) ven-tri. f adr (s) ven-tri.
f ion-tvn.

RUSSIA (D.Brown): a con (h). a gal (s) war. a ank-rum. a lvn-pru.
a nwy-swe. a war (s) lvn-pru. f stp nc - nwy. f bla (c) ank-rum.
f smy-aeg. f bal (s) lvn-pru.

The Russian fleet Baltic retreats to Bothnia by arrangement.

For Fall, I am requesting a standby move for Italy from Dan Gorham, 800 S. Euclid, Fullerton, CA 92632. I find it hard to believe you'll really be needed, Dan, but please be so kind as to help me play safe?

Fall 1904 due SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1985.

PRAGUE: "...and so, forced air heating was brought to Bohemia!"

JAMUL: ...and forced yet another ration of hot air out of the Czechs.

BRNO-JAMUL: Guess who said that? He might talk you into aluminum siding!

JAMUL-BRNO: I doubt it. I saw aluminum siding once. The damned stuff collapsed the first time the train ran over it...

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com

England sent no moves, and the orders which you see were created by

The Turkish retreat last time was to Naples. And the proposed E-T

STATEMENT WHICH THE ANONYMOUS STANDBY FOR ENGLAND HAS ASKED ME TO PRINT:
 "This envelope is so hopelessly outdated that I cannot possibly work with it. Conrad's system is fine, but when it gets to this level, it falls apart utterly. In order to stay within the prescribed guidelines, I have no choice but to order all units to hold. The effect is the same as a true 'missed move,' but anything else would violate the dictates of my commission. I can only urge all players in Conrad's games to take note of the present situation as a classic example of the ESSENTIALITY of keeping 'sealed orders' up to date."

AUSTRIA (Rauterberg): a tus-rom. a ven (s) tus-rom.

ENGLAND (Pustilnik?): a's stp, mar, bur, sil, pic, par, hol; f's por, eng, bal, bel, mid, nth (h).

FRANCE (Henry): a gas-spa. f wes (s) naf-tun. f naf-tun. f tyn (s)
AUS tus-rom.

TURKEY (Walters): a vie-tyo. a war (s) gal-sil. a bud-vie. a mos (h).
 a gal-sil. a tri (s) vie-tyo. a smy (h). a sev-ukr. f eas-ion.
 f aeg (s) eas-ion. f nap-rom. f bla-con. f tun-tyn. f iom-adr.

The Turkish fleet Tunis is annihilated. The English army Silesia may retreat to Boh., Pru., Ber., Mun. or off the board; adjustments may be conditional.

CENTRES:

A: 2: ven, rom. Even.

E: 16: lon, lvp, edi, bre, mar, par, por, mun, kie, ber, hol, bel, nwy, swe, den, stp. Build three.

F: 2: spa, tun. Remove two.

T: 14: con, smy, ank, sev, mos, war, rum, bul, gre, ser, vie, bud, tri, nap. Build one.

Winter 1910 adjustments (which may be conditional on the retreat) are due Saturday, November 9, 1985. Should England miss again, the English will build three fleets, and a standby will then be appointed. You've already read the press.

||||| ; ||||| ; ||||| ; ||||| ; ||||| ; ||||| ; |||||

T H E E N D

I sincerely hope you like our new format. If not, please feel free to comment.

For now, adieu. And remember, ere next we meet:

1. Set your parking brake.
2. Keep all trash out of the car.
3. USE SEAT BELTS.

And for now, ta - ta.